

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

## What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

**GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS**  
Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*  
The Kind You Have Always Bought  
In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CASTORIA COMPANY, 27 N. MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

## OFFICERS ARE ELECTED

By the Masonic Lodge of Prospect.

## LADIES THIMBLE CLUB

Entertained by Mrs. Masters and Mrs. Wottring.

Mrs. Ellen Wolfley Gives a Six O'clock Dinner to Fifty of Her Friends Thursday.

Prospect, Dec. 20.—The following officers for the ensuing year were elected at their regular communication Wednesday night: A. M. Trickey, W. M.; John Cann, S.

W.; Charles Landon, J. W.; William Finley, Sec.; L. D. Harshberger, Treas.; William Knachel, S. D.; Wm. Fitch Jr., J. D.; T. J. Oswald, Tyler; S. C. Treese, and O. J. Hedges, Stewards; O. J. Hedges, Trustee.

Mrs. B. Boxwell and son of Newmans were entertained at the home of Mrs. Frank Gast last Thursday.

Mrs. G. H. Masters assisted by her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Wottring entertained the Thimble Club very pleasantly last Thursday afternoon. The embroidery club were entertained Wednesday by Mrs. Will Petty, at her home in Delaware.

Last Thursday evening, Mrs. Ellen Wolfley at her home on East Water street, entertained about fifty of her friends and neighbors with a grand four course six o'clock dinner.

The Odd Fellows of Marion county held their annual convention at Prospect Tuesday evening with a good attendance. The next convention will be held at Marion.

Mrs. G. F. Gast delightfully entertained a party of lady friends at dinner last Thursday.

Miss Laura Treese, who has been home the past week on account of the sickness of her mother, Mrs. J. H. Treese has returned to her school

duties at Marion, her mother being very much improved.

Mrs. Wasserbeck, of near Green Camp, moved her household goods last week and will move her home with her daughter, Mrs. Jacob Almdinger on East street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Cummings were Columbus visitors on Wednesday.

Mrs. J. Shultz, near Delaware, was the guest of her daughter, Mrs. N. Howison last Wednesday.

Rev. L. H. Hurrelbrink was at Columbus on business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Curtis and Quincy Curtis, entertained Friday Mr. E. Ewing Jones and Mr. Huston of Columbus, in honor of their guest.

Mr. W. W. Washburn, the hunting partner of Mr. Quincy Curtis, Mr. Jones is one of the best game hunters in the state, and has lately returned from a successful trip.

Miss Hettie Wolfley, of Radnor, and who has many friends in Prospect, left Tuesday for New Mexico, where she will spend the winter with her sister, Mrs. Jennie Wiggin.

Mrs. Thomas Johnson, of Moundville, W. Va., is visiting her sister Mrs. Joe H. Treese, who has been ill for the past ten days.

The remains of Mrs. A. D. Hill were taken from the vault Tuesday and interred in Prospect cemetery.

Mr. William Fitch and sons Ed and Will attended the funeral of Edward Slough, held at Delaware, Monday.

Mrs. George Johnson and daughter Cora, who have been ill, are much better.

Messrs. Stanley, Humphrey and Lawrence Fleming are at home from the Military School, at Orchard Lake, Mich., as the school is under quarantine.

Mrs. Tom Lee and children of Marion were guests of relatives here last Sunday.

Miss Laura Tracy, of Delaware, was the guest of Miss Sarah Dildine, last Sunday.

Mrs. Lester Postal, of Marion, visited with Mrs. M. M. Mohr, Monday.

## LEGAL NOTICE

Arthur Schweinfurth, whose last known place of residence was Marion, Ohio, and whose present place of residence is unknown, will take notice that on the 22nd day of October, A. D., 1907, Catharine Schweinfurth commenced a civil action in the court of common pleas of Marion county, Ohio, against him praying for a divorce, alimony pendente suit and permanent alimony on the ground of extreme cruelty and gross neglect of duty and for the custody of their child, Helen Marie Schweinfurth, said cause being numbered 11,858 in said court. Said Arthur Schweinfurth is required to answer the petition in said action on or before the 9th day of December, A. D., 1907, or judgment and decree will be taken against him.

CATHARINE SCHWEINFURTH, By Crissinger and Guthery, her attorneys, 10-26-07th

**Love's Fortunate Blindness.**  
A man's silliness may border on the ragged edge of lunacy, but you can't make the woman he is in love with believe it.

# LOVE PROVES SUPERIOR TO LAW'S DECREES

"This One Shall Have the Child," Says the Court, and the Other One Proceeds to Capture the Offspring of the Broken Partnership and Run Away With It.



"Let Us Take a Sleigh Ride," He Suggested to the Boys.



Tore the Child from the Arms of the Astonished Woman.



Mrs. Cadlex Seized the Boy and Made Her Escape in an Auto.

New York.—Are the courts of the country turning into schools for kidnapers?

There is this newest case, for example, of Mrs. Maude C. Clark, of No. 20 West Eighty-fourth street. Mother hunger proved too much for her—she kidnapped her little boy, though he was in the custody of another, by order of the court.

When the learned judge hands down his decision in the case of Smith vs. Smith, does it mean that at once the divorced father or the divorced mother of the little children must turn kidnaper? Nobody consults the children, of course.

The wise verdict has been rendered. Mrs. Smith is free to resume her maiden name of Miss Jones and gets the custody of the two little Smiths, boy and girl. There is alimony, a decree permitting Miss Jones to marry again, and formal permission for the father to see his children once in so often. And the very first thing he does see them—steals them away—he is a kidnaper in the eye of the law.

Or it may be the other way. The decree is Mr. Smith's. The court says some unkind things about Mrs. Smith, and the children go to the father for education and support.

## Mother-Love Triumphant.

But mere legal verbiage can't destroy or root out mother-love. Despite her failings, Mrs. Smith loves the little ones she brought into the world. She is hungry for them; she wants to take them to her heart again and hear them whisper "Mother."

But the court has made its decree. She must not see them. Under the law she is not regarded as a fit person to bring them up. But she finds them somehow, and off she runs with them—she has learned from the court to be a kidnaper.

She knows her lesson well. Judges may sit and sit, and expound the law to its last letter, but fathers and mothers have a different code. They are learning to kidnap now. Railway train, automobile, horses, yacht—all have been used to kidnap children. It is anything to get the little ones out of the state where the divorce is granted, for then it means delay—more law and more court decisions. Meanwhile the kidnaper has the children.

And there has never been a conviction for this kind of kidnapping. Wrong as they be, no father or mother who has stolen back a child—hundreds have done so—has ever gone to prison.

More children are kidnapped in the United States every year by father or mother than by all those criminals who steal children for ransoms or revenge. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court.

After a Runaway Marriage.  
Mrs. Clarke is the divorced wife of Capt. Forrest C. Clarke, a civil engineer employed by the Metropolitan Steamship company. Capt. Clarke's father is a Boston millionaire, and his wife was Miss Maude Buchanan, of Dorchester, a suburb of Boston. They ran away and were married seven years ago.

A little boy, George, was born, and the mother's heart rejoiced. Then there came rumors of this thing and that, and it ended in a divorce. Capt. Clarke had known and liked Dr. Carlisle C. Kremer while both were students at Harvard, and husband and wife would be just the people to take care of little George. So Dr. and Mrs. Kremer adopted little George, then a boy of four, and Surgeon Fitzgerald signed the formal order.

Dr. Kremer allowed the mother to see her little boy once a week, and for a time Mrs. Clarke obeyed strictly the orders of the court.

Meanwhile Dr. and Mrs. Kremer had become greatly attached to the boy. One day when Mrs. Clarke was with him they caught her stealing out of the house with the child.

"I can't live without him," she went; "so please don't blame me."

Dr. Kremer explained as gently as he could that she must be more circumspect, even if she did love him, for the court had formally given the little fellow into his possession. In fact, he had been rechristened and was then—and is now—Carlton Clarke Kremer.

Regained Her Boy.  
Mrs. Clarke went away, greatly irritated. The following Sunday she called again to see the boy and found that he was with the physician's sister at the home of Dr. Kremer's mother, No. 134 West One Hundred and Twelfth street. She went there in a carriage and waited outside. Then Dr. Kremer's sister came out with the boy and took a Lexington avenue car down to Sixty-fifth street, where Dr. Kremer lives. Mrs. Clarke had a carriage on the block.

As the boy got off the car with his adopted aunt, Mrs. Clarke rushed forward and literally tore the child from the astonished woman. In a jiffy she had him in the carriage and away she whisked. There was a woman friend with her, who promptly seized Miss Kremer and gave Mrs. Clarke plenty of time to escape with her boy.

A few hours later and Mrs. Clarke was safe on her way to Boston aboard the steamer Harvard, oddly enough a vessel belonging to the company in which her divorced husband is employed.

Mother-love had won the victory—Mrs. Clarke had her boy despite all the forms of law. Mrs. Clarke had learned her kidnapping lesson from the divorce court.

Mrs. Hanna's Victory.  
Then there was the famous case of the Hannas. Mrs. Dan R. Hanna, wife of the son of the late Senator Mark Hanna, was forbidden by the courts of Ohio to take the children out of their jurisdiction. For an answer she promptly took the three boys straight in New York, hid herself in the Holland house, escaped from a little host of deputy sheriffs and process servers, and calmly sailed for Europe, despite all the decrees of the court.

She had learned her lesson. Mother-love runs above the mandates of the law. And she has won, too. She has

the three boys back in this country now and she can take them where she pleases, says a writer in the Sunday World. Mother-love proved too much for the courts and for Mr. Hanna, whom she had divorced and who has married twice since.

Both father-love and mother-love figured in the disappearance of little Freddie Krieger, of Chicago. He was kidnapped twice, once by his father and once by his mother, after two courts had made formal orders in the case.

The boy was the son of Flora and Bert Krieger. His father got the first divorce, and though his mother was supposed to see her son at stated intervals the father took him away to Germany, where he placed the lad, who was then 12, with friends in Hamburg to be educated.

Mrs. Krieger married again and became Mrs. McDonald. Then, with plenty of money at her command, she resolved to hunt for the boy to the end of the earth, despite all the orders of the American courts giving him into her former husband's custody. The trail led to Hanover, and there detectives in her employ kidnapped the boy for a second time.

Learned Lesson Well.  
She hurried the lad to Hamburg, and there she disappeared—though she was divorced, she had obtained the custody of her son, no matter what the court ordered. She had learned her lesson in the divorce court, and she did business another way.

Theodore Wood, policeman, and his wife long ago agreed to disagree. They lived at No. 1717 Gates avenue, Brooklyn, and their child, Florence, who was not consulted in the matter at all, stayed on there with her father.

One day when Policeman Wood was on post Mrs. Wood stole into the house and took little Florence away. Fearful of being followed, she hurried the girl to Middletown, N. Y. Wood heard where she had gone and had a warrant issued. A detective arrested Mrs. Wood there and brought her back to Brooklyn.

The case was taken to court. Mrs. Wood was weeping after a sleepless night in her cell. She couldn't see why a mother should be locked up for taking her own child.

"She stole her!" declared the husband. But, as always happens, Mrs. Wood went free. There isn't a law yet that will send a parent kidnaper to prison.

Madden Defied Court.  
John E. Madden, the turfman, long separated from his wife, boldly kidnapped his two boys, ten and four years old, rather than let the mother take them to Europe. They were at school in Madison, N. J. Madden learned that the mother intended taking the boys to Europe, and he made up his mind that she shouldn't.

So he went out to Madison and visited the boys. It was a snowy day and the ground was white.

"Let us take a sleigh ride," he said to the boys. They were only too glad. A sleigh was ordered, the boys climbed in and off they hurried into the snow. But Madden drove direct to the railway station, bought tickets for New York and took the boys with him. They left that night for Lexington, Ky., where Madden has a stock farm, and before Mrs. Madden knew the truth the children were out of the jurisdiction of the courts of New York. But nobody arrested the boys' father, even though he did defy the court.

Mrs. Katherine Cadlex used an automobile to kidnap her son. There had been the usual family jars and eventually the nine-year-old boy, son of George Cadlex, was committed to the German Odd Fellows' home in Unionport, the Bronx.

One fine afternoon an automobile stopped outside the grounds of the institution and from it stepped a tall, handsomely dressed woman of 40 with

prematurely gray hair. It was Mrs. Cadlex, and she had learned in advance the routine of the home. She knew that the children would be playing outside at that hour.

Off in the Automobile.  
At the ring of the bell the little fellows fell in line to march to the refectory for supper. When the moment came Mrs. Cadlex jumped from the car while the chauffeur kept his hand on the wheel. She seized the child and before his astonished playmates could raise an alarm she had him in her auto and was off in a cloud of dust.

She was followed to New York and arrested at her home, No. 128 West Thirty-ninth street. But the boy was not to be found.

"I'm going to keep him," she declared, as she was taken to a cell, "no matter what you do with me. He's safe now—far away in the south. Nobody shall have him but me."

And Mrs. Cadlex went free and she kept her boy, too, thanks to the automobile.

The three Ward children have been kidnapped twice by their father and two of them rekidnaped by their mother—quite a family record!

John E. Ward and his wife have been separated for nine years. The three little girls, Marion, Vera and Cecilia, lived with their mother at No. 673 East One Hundred and Seventy-fourth street. One night Mr. Ward went there, demanded to see his children, and Mrs. Ward let him. There was a heated argument, and the upshot of it was that the father took the three little daughters away from their mother and placed them at once in the convent of the Holy Cross.

Stole Children from Convent.  
After three days' search Mrs. Ward found the girls. Several times she tried to get at them but failed. For days she haunted the neighborhood of the convent until the long vigil made her desperate.

She saw two of her little ones, Vera and Cecilia, playing in the yard. In she ran and the next moment the two were in her arms. Marion wasn't there and the distracted mother was afraid to wait. So off she ran with the two, hatless and coatless.

At once the sisters notified Mr. Ward, but he couldn't find them—they were not at their mother's home. The husband got a warrant, but he couldn't find the children—and the mother has them still.

The records tell of countless other cases—of how Mrs. James Cook kidnapped her boy in a carriage from right in front of his father's hotel in Jamaica; how Anton Head Richards, grandson of Eugene L. Richards, professor of mathematics at Yale, was kidnapped in Chicago by three men whom Mrs. Richards declared were emissaries of his father; how Mrs. Montague Rolfs, of Detroit, paid \$10,000 to get her boy back after his father had kidnapped him—there are many more cases.

Love causes more kidnapping than money. And the lesson is learned in the divorce court first.

One of the Victims.  
Old Maid's Interest in the Tale Did Not Last Long.

By and by the train came along to where a cyclone had passed two days before, uprooting trees and leveling fences and sweeping houses off the face of the earth, and a young man who had passed through the tragedy got aboard. Of course, we were all anxious to hear all about it, but a woman 40 years old, who was evidently an old maid, was more anxious than any of the rest. She got the young man down beside her and began:

"Now, you must tell me just how it occurred, and what you thought and did. Where were you when the cyclone came?"

"In a farmhouse, ma'am."

"Asleep?"

"No, ma'am. I was sitting up, court-ing a girl."

"Hum! Sitting up at midnight, eh?"

"Yes'm. Sally was sitting on my lap, and I had my arm around her waist when we heard a great roaring and—"

"I don't care to hear any more, sir!" announced the old maid as she stiffly drew herself up and hitched along.

"Don't you want to hear how the house went?"

"No, sir!"

"And how Sally was blown right off my knees, leaving me there with nobody to hold?"

"No, sir!"

"There came an awful roaring and one of her shoes was found a mile away yesterday—how—how—"

And then we dragged him off to the



Mrs. Cool Kidnaped Her Boy from in Front of His Father's Hotel in Jamaica.

smoking car to tell the rest, and the old maid looked out of the window and wouldn't speak to anyone in the car for an hour after—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

River Life at Manila.  
Manila's distinctive feature among the cities of the planet is the river life to be encountered on the Pasig, the sluggish stream which flows through the metropolis of the American "Indies." In this respect Manila is only eclipsed by Canton, China, where the Pearl river floats a city of unknown population running into the tens of thousands, says a writer in Leslie's Weekly. Over 15,000 Filipinos live on the Pasig, and very few of them ever come ashore—whole generations live and die on the sluggish waters of the river.

## One of the Important Duties of Physicians and the Well-Informed of the World

is to learn as to the relative standing and reliability of the leading manufacturers of medicinal agents, as the most eminent physicians are the most careful as to the uniform quality and perfect purity of remedies prescribed by them, and it is well known to physicians and the Well-Informed generally that the California Fig Syrup Co., by reason of its correct methods and perfect equipment and the ethical character of its product has attained to the high standing in scientific and commercial circles which is accorded to successful and reliable houses only, and, therefore, that the name of the Company has become a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy.

## TRUTH AND QUALITY

appeal to the Well-Informed in every walk of life and are essential to permanent success and creditable standing, therefore we wish to call the attention of all who would enjoy good health, with its blessings, to the fact that it involves the question of right living with all the term implies. With proper knowledge of what is best each hour of recreation, of enjoyment, of contemplation and of effort may be made to contribute to that end and the use of medicines dispensed with generally to great advantage, but as in many instances a simple, wholesome remedy may be invaluable if taken at the proper time, the California Fig Syrup Co. feels that it is alike important to present truthfully the subject and to supply the one perfect laxative remedy which has won the approval of physicians and the world-wide acceptance of the Well-Informed because of the excellence of the combination, known to all, and the original method of manufacture, which is known to the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

This valuable remedy has been long and favorably known under the name of—Syrup of Figs—and has attained to world-wide acceptance as the most excellent of family laxatives, and as its pure laxative principles, obtained from Senna, are well known to physicians and the Well-Informed of the world to be the best of natural laxatives, we have adopted the more elaborate name of—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as more fully descriptive of the remedy, but doubtless it will always be called for by the shorter name of Syrup of Figs—and to get its beneficial effects always note, when purchasing, the full name of the Company—California Fig Syrup Co.—plainly printed on the front of every package, whether you simply call for—Syrup of Figs—or by the full name—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—as—Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna—is the one laxative remedy manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. and the same heretofore known by the name—Syrup of Figs—which has given satisfaction to millions. The genuine is for sale by all leading druggists throughout the United States in original packages of one size only, the regular price of which is fifty cents per bottle.

Every bottle is sold under the general guarantee of the Company, filed with the Secretary of Agriculture, at Washington, D. C., that the remedy is not adulterated or misbranded within the meaning of the Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906.

## CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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